

Queer Space

NUMBER ONE

INSIDE YOU'LL FIND:

Fag
Bashing
'66

RUMINATIONS
OF
A HUMBLD
DORK

WHAT
LOVE
IS...

PLUS:
POOP
COMIX
Fagg
REVIEWS
AND MORE!

QUEER SPACE COPY
DO NOT TAKE

"C... POSSIBLY THE CHEESEST
PUNK ZINE EVER TO EXIST IN
THIS CRUEL WORLD...."

-KELP FUNGUS
(DA FUNKY HOMO-HICAN)

AND NOW, ± DIGRESS***

YEP! This is it....THURTEEN #1. Not quite as spectacular as it was cracked up to be. I spouted obnoxiously intense articles, BIG printed layouts, interviews with PUNK monoliths, and a whole bunch of other shit that just isn't here. But I guess I've got a good excuse for all of that. You see, the past couple months have been, well...my season of hell, so to speak. I already felt like I was walking too close to the edge of that precipice known to most as "sanity," but I guess I just wasn't prepared for the events which have taken place. I just came out of what I thought to be the LOVE to end all others. It was a BIG shock to me!! I was under the impression that it was great, that I was going into eternity with the one person that meant the universe to me. Well, not so. I was living a lie! I'd like to take responsibility for that lie, but I meant it when I said, "This is IT!!" That was a vision I held alone. I've since given up trying to find where the blame really lies. Life's just too damn short to find your notch in the past. What's done is done.

So...now you hold a few slabs of a once majestic tree in your hand, with "words like Cheese-Whiz" spread across them. Yes, I'm aware that the content of this zine is cheesier than a slew of GREEN DAY toons performed by Julio Eglasias, but that's the way I'm feelin' baybee! The funny thing is, I'm feelin' damn happy right now. I've never been quite as excited, anxious, and thrilled at the prospect of times to come. I've found a lot of purpose in life, love, and a new perspective of friendship, and I welcome each new experience as if it were an incredible gift.

Well, there's no real way for me to define the bounds of this here punk-zine-thang, because the road I travel curves so much, I really don't know what's up around the bend. So, your guess is as good as mine, when it comes to where THURTEEN is going. But I can tell you what I feel it to be about, RIGHT NOW...it's about RISK, it's about VULNERABILITY, it's about CHANGE. Those are three important aspects of all our lives, and they've just become as evident as I could ever hope them to in my life, very recently. I think Pat Dubar hit it right on the nose when he wrote the following (see next page...I ain't got enough room on dis one!))....



LONELY cheese-head punk looking for real friendship & that special some one. Males/females with emotion, vibrance, anti-authoritarian bent, honesty, sexually progressive tendencies, lust for adventure, passion for East Bay punk, and the ability to show you care... get in contact!! Christian Beansprout, P.O.B. 1513, Greeley, Co. 80632.



DAT'S YERZ TROLEY,
SOMETIME AROUND...UHH...
OCTOBER '91 @ THE
ANARCHY HOTEL IN
COLORADO SPRINGS.
'JUS' MOMENTZ BE-4
DROPPIN' MY FAVORITE
REKED & BURNING MY
HAND WITH MY SMOKE!
OH YEAH... I'M NOT BLONDE
ANYMORE!

TO RISK...

To laugh
Is to risk appearing the fool
To weep
Is to risk appearing sentimental
To reach out for another
Is to risk involvement
To place your ideas, your dreams before the crowd
Is to risk loss
To love
Is to risk not being loved in return
To live
Is to risk dying
To hope
Is to risk despair
To try it all
Is to risk failure
But to risk... we must
Because the greatest hazzard in life
Is to risk nothing
The man, the womyn
Who risks nothing
Does nothing
Has nothing
And IS nothing

HERE IS YOUR BRICK BACK.
RECOGNIZE IT? YOU SHOULD.

IT IS PART OF THE WALL THAT YOU,
AS ONE OF THE ELITE UPPER CLASS,
HAVE HELPED BUILD BETWEEN THE
MINORITY RULING CLASS AND THE
MAJORITY WORKING CLASS
THROUGHOUT HISTORY.
BY FLAUNTING YOUR DECADENCE, YOU
HAVE MADE YOURSELF A TARGET.

GET USED TO IT.

SOCIAL YOUTH CHAOS - FUCK SHIT UP!

SUGGESTED DIRECTIONS: CUT ON DASHED LINE,
ATTACH TO BRICK, AND THROW THROUGH WINDOW

...I think that says it all! Every day, we are putting ourselves at risk, to one extent or another, whether we realize it or not. It's time we realize that we need to focus on the things that we should risk, rather than putting ourselves into painful situations that reap NO reward. To hate, to fight, to compete with one another, we risk and we lose. How much greater then is it to unite in love and understanding? Need I even ask?

I feel it is necessary to say a little something about the current state of things at the (temporary) THURTEEN Headquarters. As I type this, I realize there may be a lot of incoherent babble flowing onto these pages, I may not be getting through to a lot of you (as to where I'm coming from), and to be honest, I really don't know exactly what you'll find by the time I've completed this here thang. I'm doing a ultra-super-major-rush-job on this sucker, as I'd like to get it out before the beginning of August. You see, I may very well be hopping on tour with MONSULA or BILLY GOATS GRUFF, though they don't know it yet, if Sonny (of SAVALAS) pulls the right strings for me. Then I'll be blazin' to numerous cities over a three to four week period, before I'm back at 13HQ, to get crackin' on numero DOSE, and to well...work my ass off, so I can get the fuck outta Colorado for the rest of my life! Yes kiddies, I've got a plan! Pretty amazing for a chaos-monger like myself. But hey! Throwing yourself headlong into chaos isn't so sketchy when you've allowed for a teensie bit of structure. And to think...I thought that life wasn't worth living without whatzername...aha ha ha ha!! Life's funny that way!

Well I had better get crackin' on this last bit o' shit, so I don't lose track of my thoughts. Now it's on to more focused topics...I think....

Your Booger-beastie,

CHRISTIAN BEANSPOUNT

Send all questions, comments, hate-mail, and such to:

13 / CHRISTIAN BEANSPOUNT
P.O. Box 1513
GREELEY, CO. 80632
U\$A

I may take a while getting back to ya, but rest assured, I will answer all mail. It'll speed things up if you include a stamp or two. Be forwarned: All letters received are fair game for print!!

YERE
TROUSERS
WITH MY
KOOL SISTAH
KELLY
IN THE WUN
WITH DA
MAKE-UP!
PORT. 91



Dear Chrisuan,

I know this letter may look awfully impersonal but my handwriting's not so good. Anyway, as long as I was at the computer, I thought I'd put forward a professional appearance. As if I thought that would matter to someone named Beansprout. By the way, have you ever heard the expression "sprouthead"? A girlfriend and I made it up back in the early 80s to describe all the terminal hippies who lived in their own blissed-out world and assumed that anyone who was going hungry or getting beat up or was locked in prison or just generally bummed out was simply a victim of their own karma. Or else hadn't been eating enough health food.

It's funny that you should write about reprinting this particular article, because only a few hours before your letter got here, I had reread it for the first time in about a year and a half, and it kind of made me snifle and feel a pang or two in my none too sensitive gut. Plus last weekend I saw the boy from Eureka, California who's mentioned in the last paragraph. He's 18 now, has facial hair, and doesn't ride a skateboard anymore, but there are more important things in life. Like lasting friendship, which I think we have. But tonight, back in Berkeley, I'm lonely and mopey, which may partially explain why I'm writing a letter to a stranger even when I have letters from friends that are months overdue to be answered. Life's like that sometimes. Hope I didn't bore you with my ruminations, but I have no one else to talk to tonight. Anyway, I printed out the story in two different formats in case you wanted a better copy of it for your zine. Also, I made a few extremely minor changes in the text, but it doesn't make that much difference to me if you decide to use the original version instead. And if you'd like me to, I could format the story in a different style, font, size, or send you a computer disk of it so you could do the job yourself. Aren't I agreeable tonight? I don't even recognize myself, and neither would you if you met me under more normal circumstances. I guess I'm just touched that you want to reprint what I consider one of my better stories, so I'm trying to make it as easy as possible for you.

Enclosed also you'll find a copy of my magazine, *Lookout*, as well as the catalog you requested. I have no spare ads for *Lookout* Records lying around, so feel free to xerox one from *MRR* or *Flipside*. And sorry if you feel I wasted paper sending you two copies of the story; you can always use the other side for writing letters or something. Good luck with your zine, and if you think of it, I'd like to see a copy.

Best stuff,

Lawrence Livermore

LARRY-

Thank for the story, palzee! And don't worry about your ruminations, I annoy others with my own ruminations all the time. It's great to have "dinosaurs" (Heeeyuck!) like your kool self around to give insights and stories to us young-uns. I hope that someday I will inspire others in the way you've inspired me over the past couple years. Thanx a MEGATON, friend!!

B. SPROUT:

Yo! There's no new SCAM yet. I'm living in Miami now in various abandoned buildings in an effort to find the perfect squat. SCAM the electricity, etc. Also in the works is SCAM #2: the Miami issue, which should be a lot better (more blazer than issue #1. Should be out by July, 2004. Can't wait. Things have been cool, cuz, even though Miami sucks, as a big city, it at least has a lot of stuff to fuck with. I've been diggin' the Cuban coffee a lot. This stuff comes in shots for 30¢ (or 5¢ for 75¢) and is to real coffee what whiskey is to beer (I shot a cup of Amerikkkan coffee). This thick, candid spirit in the stuff of life. I like to drink it and sit downtown and watch saps run for the Metrorail. Been learning to speak a little Spanish which is kind of neat. The Hispanic population is so big that the MIAMI HERALD actually is half in Spanish. Pretty weird. Been doing a lot of "SCAM Punk" graffiti with the Ft. Lauderdale Crowbar Punk that's on the SCAM t-shirt (if you want this, send CASH, okay?) um... I'm gonna skip on a lot of the details here, but I guess I'll tell you about the parade I was in last week. He and SCAM assistant, Ivy, had been up all night on about 15 pink beers each, drinking warm Schlitz, and talking in the park. That morning, a woman came up to us and gave us each a 10 dollar bill and said, "Go get yourself some breakfast." Well, I had already had enough beer, so instead we walked downtown to pick up some underwear for Ivy. To go downtown, you walk on a bridge over the Miami River. Down by the river, there's all these boxcars in a huge, empty lot, and the-people-who-live-in-the-boxcars. I had tried with an axe once to open a car up to live in, but no luck. Anyways, they just got evicted from the cars, as the lot was cleared and a fence put up by the cars, and they're living in a tent on the other side of the lot. They waved us over, and gave us a box of holiday assorted cookies (?). Drugged, we took it in stride, and went to try and give them to hurrying businessmen. I: Now 'bout a cookie, surr? B: (Blank stare) I: Now 'bout a holiday cookie? B: (Laughs to friends as walking away) What's the holiday? I: ENEMA DAY. SAPI!! (Hurling cookie at base of Nazi's skull). Well, downtown a parade was going on, with cops on cycles, cops on horses, the RUD MAN, and RECYCLO MAN (!?!). So we filed on behind some fat kids with planet Earths on their shirts and started announcing, "Free cookies!" Everyone runs out and says, "OOH! Me! Me! Over here! Please!" Pretty funny. The unwrapped cookies never seem to quite make it to the target, causing people to lunge, miss, watch cookie scatter. Surreal. We accidentally beamed some unwitting old woman in the head, caused aunts to jump, run, and leap on command, brought spectacular, acrobatic catches out of ordinary men, and even tossed a handful at a jaded, "I hate parades" looking cop, who just watched 'em go by his head, and grimaced. Pretty fun. Oh wow, SOCIAL DISTORTION is on MTV. Now that's funny. See, my parents, who hate me, are out of town, so I'm squatting in their house (and their room, because I got along with the guy they rent my old room to. He's pretty cool, showed me how to illegally rig up electricity. Ok, that's it, poke your eyes out. Say goodnight, Iggy.

Goodnight,
IGGY

KOOL, eh?! Iggy does a fuckin' great zine called SCAM, and it's "Free for punks," whatever that's supposed to mean. Check out the zine reviews for the address. Oh yeah, he's also in CHICKENHEAD wit Buddah and Chuck Loose. Check them out...they're HOT!!

Fag Bashing '66

by Lawrence Livermore

It was another one of those excruciatingly boring nights. We'd already hung around the corner since dark, and now it was close to 11. Nobody wanted to go home, but if we didn't think of something soon, guys would start drifting away.

"Let's go downtown and beat up some queers," suggested someone.

That was a novel idea. We'd gone downtown and beat up people before, but never queers. In fact most of us had never even seen a queer, at least not that we knew about.

There were rumors about this old guy that ran the sporting goods store over on the highway, how he'd invite teenagers into the store after dark and give them beer and cigarettes and show them dirty movies and do stuff to them, but it was always just rumors, because no one would ever admit to actually having been there or seen any of these things.

Since none of us knew any queers, and only had a vague idea of what they did that made them queer, it was kind of curious that we would hate and fear them so much. Back in seventh or eighth grade the almost universal putdown among the boys became some variation of "You cocksucker" or "Suck my dick." Where did these sexually repressed Catholic boys get such ideas? Not from experience, I'm pretty sure; this obsession seemed like it was almost something primal.

Or maybe they had secret fantasies about things they could do with members of their own sex, but were so horrified to find such thoughts running through their heads that they tried to draw attention away from themselves by accusing others of doing what they themselves were afraid to even dream about.

That would probably be the standard psychological explanation, but I doubt it's that simple. I can't speak for the other kids, because even though I hung out with them for a big part of my teenage years, I really don't know what they thought or felt. Opening up to your buddies may be semi-trendy today, but in 1966 it would quickly get you branded as a fag.

Not being able to talk about feelings made you pretty confused about what you yourself felt. If an idea seemed even a little weird, experience soon taught you to file it away somewhere where it wouldn't be likely to embarrass you by slipping out in some unguarded moment. Come to think of it, we were always on guard, standing or sitting rigidly, eyes darting around to see what others might be thinking of us, speaking or moving in only the broadest and most stylized gestures.

Most of it was aimed at making sure no one doubted how tough we were. Maintaining that kind of image was especially difficult for a boy like me, who weighed all of 110 pounds, liked reading books, and thought studying Latin was fun.

At least that's what I'd been like. As I got older I was pulled between the violently anti-intellectual bent of the gang I ran with and the stultifyingly complacent quasi-intellectualism of the school's "good kids."

The gang won out almost completely. Although I still read a fair number of books and was on speaking terms with a few of the alleged "brains," getting drunk, starting fights, and being a menace to society was not only more fun; it seemed a whole lot more honest.

So here we were on a cloudy, muggy summer night. I was a year out of high school and had already been kicked out of college for the first time. My parents were close to giving up on me; they no longer bothered making comments about my hoodlum friends and why didn't I call up that nice girl who used to be friendly to me in 11th grade. I was such a snarling, sullen mess that maybe they thought they'd better tread lightly around me. They already knew, for example, that I'd been routinely carrying a gun when I went out on the streets, and when someone is in as bad a mood as I usually was and is packing a weapon, you don't go out of your way to irritate him.

Really, I was a nice guy, sensitive as all get out, and full of crazy dreams, but that side of me was less and less visible, even to myself. So I didn't have trouble joining in with the crowd and muttering, "Yeah, let's go get those queers."

If I'd been honest with myself, I'd have realized that my motives for going along with the gang were mixed. It's not that I had any problem with beating up innocent people — my gang did it all the time — but what really appealed to me was the idea of seeing some genuine queers and finding out what made them tick. It was news to me that there was an place in downtown Detroit where queers would openly hang out, and I thought I'd better find out about this.

So it was at least partly a research mission for me. The fact that those poor guy or guys might end up bloodied or in the hospital didn't matter; I was like was one of those big game hunters who claims he goes out in the woods to blow away animals with his magnum because he loves nature so much.

The fact was, I'd been having these thoughts... Nothing real specific, or at least nothing I wanted to specifically admit, but ever since I was 13, I'd found myself at least as fascinated by boys as I was by girls. Since the whole thing was so far out of the purview of my experience, my imaginings never got much farther than thinking about cute boys with their clothes off, or maybe wondering what it would be like to see them jerking off.

Once, in tenth grade, my best friend and I were sitting in the back row of the multi-purpose room watching one of those boring educational films they show you when the teachers can't think of anything else to do. He started clowning around, and somehow

things developed to where we were both jerking off. I don't know how none of the other students noticed. Maybe they did and were afraid to turn around and look, or maybe the movie was just real loud.

Anyway, since he was one of the boys I'd been having the most fantasies about, this was exciting stuff for me. I got so brave as to suggest that we go a little further and jerk each other off.

He stopped, looked at me, and said scornfully, "What are you, some kind of fag?"

That gave me something to think about. I didn't feel like a fag, and what I'd suggested didn't seem much more far-fetched than what we were already doing, but if my best friend was wondering if I was a fag, I guessed I'd better be more careful about what I said or did.

So the rest of high school passed in a mostly sexless and loveless rage, and by the time I found myself on that street corner in the summer of 1966, I no longer wondered whether I was queer or normal. Everything that had happened for years led me to the conclusion that my feelings were shit, would only get me in trouble, and should be stomped out whenever possible.

We drove downtown in two cars. The low-hanging clouds of earlier had broken up, but had been replaced by the thicker and darker clouds of an approaching thunderstorm. Occasionally the almost-full moon would slip out between them. Under the silver light Detroit looked almost pretty; the orange glow on the eastern horizon where the blast furnaces were discharging their loads seemed festive rather than ominous.

It must have been way past midnight when we arrived, but on the well-lit streets around West Grand Boulevard, things were hopping. Detroit wasn't that big a night-life scene, but there were more people out and about here than you'd see in the middle of the day in most parts of the city. There was a hint of excitement in the air, too, the kind you get when you see crowds of people gathered for no apparent reason.

Almost everybody wandering about on the sidewalks was male. Most of them eyed us suspiciously and edged away if they sensed we were headed in their direction. This took us by surprise; we had assumed that since we were such a handsome bunch of studs the queers would be all over us, "like flies on shit," as one of the more poetic among us had promised.

But you didn't survive as a homosexual in mid-60s Detroit by being totally stupid, and obviously these guys knew better than to come anywhere near a gang of ten or twelve leather-jacketed louts who looked about as out of place as a construction worker in a tutu.

The more mean-spirited among us started cursing their bad luck; they were determined to get some queers no matter what, so they suggested we split up into smaller groups, and maybe have one guy lure an unsuspecting queer down an alley where the others would be waiting for him. No one was willing to act as bait, though, and we stood arguing for a while about which one of us the queers would find the most attractive.

I was trying to stay out of the discussion, fearing that I might be the one who got the nod, so when a couple of guys announced that they were hungry and were going to get something to eat first, I was glad to join them. We left the others to their strategy session, and went in to a nearby all-night restaurant.

The place was packed. Heads turned to stare at us as we entered; the looks we were getting were more of curiosity than of fear because we were clearly outnumbered and just as clearly out of place. We tried to maintain our composure and look tough, but it was obvious that we were impressing no one.

We sat at a corner table; from where I was, with my back against the wall, I could take in the entire scene. If I had had any worries about being a queer myself, I was relieved to see that I had little in common with anyone else in the room. Almost everyone was well dressed, or at least they were wearing the kind of clothes we used to beat other kids up for wearing back in high school. They smelled of too much cologne, constantly fussed with their hair, and sang along to a jukebox that was playing the most unbelievably sappy crap from the 1950s. Their complexions seemed mushy and pasty, as if they only came out after dark, and spent most of their lives indoors.

While relieved, I was also disappointed. Dissatisfied as I was with the life I led, I was always on the lookout for something different or better. I had this constant sensation that somewhere there must be a world of people more like me, and while I hadn't expected to find it here, the idea of being a sexual outlaw had a certain appeal. But these guys weren't it; if anything, they combined the worst aspects of women and men.

I concentrated on my cheeseburger; when I looked up again, a new group had entered the restaurant. Since there were no empty tables, they stood near the door waiting. Most of them looked just like the other men I'd already observed. One had on a loud Hawaiian shirt; another was wearing a double-breasted navy blue suit offset by a shocking pink silk shirt. I started to look away in disgust when I noticed that among them was a boy of my own age, maybe a couple years younger.

While his companions looked as if they had dressed themselves from the pages of a slightly out of date fashion magazine, his artless, uncontrived look suggested that his wardrobe had come from dumpsters or trash cans. His shabby black trenchcoat, the kind favored by British mods and their American imitators, would have been stylish except that it was so worn out that you could practically see through it in spots. The same was true of his pants; ultratight sharkskins, the sort that every well-dressed hoodlum was sporting a few years earlier, but very ragged and so short that they barely reached the top of his white socks. He'd probably gotten them in ninth grade and grown six inches since then.

His boots would have been cool once, too, but now the heels were almost completely worn away, and the side zipper of one had ripped apart so that you could see bare skin through the tattered remnants of his sock. The only piece of clothing that looked relatively new was a flannel shirt, and it seemed out of place with everything else, as if someone had just given it to him because he had nothing else to wear.

He had a modified Beetle haircut, with bangs covering his forehead, but it was shaggier on the sides than was usually considered stylish. He was tall and very thin, and stood, shifting his slight weight from side to side, in a way suggesting that he was the saddest, loneliest boy in the world, and yet couldn't care less about it. I thought I was looking into a three dimensional mirror.

I stopped eating, forgot all about being hungry. The other guys at my table didn't notice; they were busy talking about carburetors or girlfriends. I knew I didn't belong with them anymore, just as I knew the boy across the room from me didn't belong with that bunch of sissies. I was sure that he was only with them because he had nowhere else to go. I tried to think of a way to let him know that he could go with me.

I watched him for the longest time; he didn't seem to notice. His eyes, dark brown; frightened and defensive like those of a cornered animal, looked right past me. Eventually, though, he became aware of my presence.

His expression didn't change. Nor did his eyes; unblinking still, they simply shifted from staring at the wall to staring directly into mine. I watched for some sign of recognition of what we both must be feeling, but neither of us were prepared to show the slightest hint of emotion. We were both too tough, though maybe in totally different ways.

Finally his lips parted slightly, just enough to expose a bit of yellowed tooth. I thought he might be preparing to smile, or maybe even to say something, even though that wouldn't have made sense since we were at least ten or fifteen feet apart. I felt my own mouth moving, involuntarily, changing shape to reveal something about myself that I had never let anyone, even myself, see before.

Suddenly, with a loud ruckus, the rest of my gang returned, talking loudly enough for the whole restaurant to hear about the fag they had cornered in the men's room and who they were going to kick the shit out of but who had gotten away at the last minute. "I'm tired of hanging around here," somebody said. "These queers are making me sick. Let's go home."

I snuck a glance at the boy. He stared back, with a sad, contemptuous look that said, "I should have known you were one of them."

As we walked past the front window, the boy and his friends were being led to the table we had just vacated. He sat down only inches from where I had been sitting, and stared out into the night, coldly, as if I had never existed. I lagged behind, trying to get one last look, till someone yelled, "Come on, or we'll leave you here for the fags."

We drove home in restless silence, broken by occasional grumbling about our bad luck how next time we'd for sure get some queers. There was lightning now, great sheets of it across the western sky, and by the time I got to bed it was raining. It rained all the next day, too, and then turned unseasonably cold. Summer was almost gone, and it was a long time before I went back to the street corner where the gang hung out. When I did, everyone seemed like strangers, and I didn't stay long.

Ever since then, I've been looking for that boy so I could explain to him what happened. I don't know how many times I thought I saw him, at a bus stop in New York City, in a grocery store in Portland, Oregon, through the window of an all-night arcade in San Francisco, at a discotheque in Paris, France. But it was always someone else. Even now I still think I might run into him; why, just the other day I was sure it was him doing skateboard tricks on a deserted street in Eureka, California. Yeah, I know that in real life he'd be something like 40 years old today, and that this kid wasn't much more than 16, as if he hadn't aged a day in all these years. Yeah, I know it doesn't make any sense, but when you get down to it, what does?

INFINITE ONION

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Pig Brutality
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lookout RECORDS

new stuff we have to bother you about: we got a new LP from the Mr T Experience called "Milk, Milk, Lemonade" and it's on record, tape, and compact disc. We also got new seven inch EP's from Spitboy and one from Juke and another from the Wynona Riders too. Plus the Cometbus #27 is out as well. Oh yeah, I almost forgot the "Can Of Pork" the double LP/compact disc compilation that is just out and has unreleased punk rock songs from 29 cool bands.

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T	\$3
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THIS GETS MY VOTE FOR BEST ALBUM OF THE YEAR. GREEN DAY PLAY MELODIC, POPPY
HARDCORE THAT'S NOT ASSHAMED OF THE TRUTH AND VULNERABILITY. JUST ABOUT EVERY
SONG ON THIS ALBUM HOLDS AN ASPECT OF MY FEELINGS AND FEARS. MY LOVE AND
CONFUSION. IT SEEMS AS THOUGH BILLIE JOE WAS WRITING ABOUT ME WHEN HE SAT
DOWN TO WRITE THE LYRICS FOR THIS ALBUM. I FEEL A VERY STRONG SPIRITUAL TIE
TO THE MUSIC ON THIS ALBUM (IT THAT MAKES ANY SENSE) AND I MUST LISTEN TO IT
SEVEN TIMES DAILY. MUSICAL THERAPY AT ITS FINEST. IF YOU DONT BUY ANY OTHER
ALBUM THIS YEAR, AT LEAST CHECK THIS ONE OUT. OH, THE CASSETTE/CD INCLUDE
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SCREECHING WEASEL - MY BRAIN HURTS :

AMONGST THE USUAL SARCASTIC, OVERWHELMING SEX DRIVE, AND GENERAL
REBELLIOUSNESS, THIS TIME SCREECHING WEASEL COME OFF WITH SOME
INSIGHT INTO FAITH, SCIENCE, AND RELIGION ("THE SCIENCE OF MYTH"), AS WELL
AS SELF-QUESTIONING. DELVING INTO HUMOR, BALANCING IT WITH THE CONDEMNATION
PUT OUT THEIR FINEST RELEASE TO DATE. PLAYED IN THAT CLASSIC AMERIKKAN
HARDCORE VEIN, WHICH AT TIMES IS REMINISCENT OF THE RAMONES, THIS MAKES FOR
AN ALBUM YOU'LL LISTEN TO CONSTANTLY. (ON LOOKOUT! OF COURSE.)

FIFTEEN

- SWAIN'S FIRST BIKE RIDE: PROBABLY MY ALL-TIME FAVORITE ALBUM. FIFTEEN

HAVE TO BE THE COOLEST GUYS AROUND. LOTS OF SONGS OF HOPE, LOVE, NON-VIOLENCE
AND PEACE, WHICH ALWAYS GET RIGHT DOWN TO MY SOUL. THIS ALBUM HAS BEEN A CONSOLATION
TO ME, WHEN NOTHING ELSE COULD BRING ME UP & MY SOUL IS TOTALLY WRAPPED UP IN
THE WORDS AND FEELINGS THOSE GUYS BRING OUT ON VINYL. VERY "CHEESY" MELODIC
PUNK, JUST THE WAY I LIKE IT! (ONCE AGAIN, ON LOOKOUT! RECORDS.)

"... TAKE JUST ONE WORD OF ADVICE
FROM MAHATMA GANDHI, MARTIN LUTHER KING, AND JESUS CHRIST
YOU'LL FIND RESOLUTION IN A LOVING HEART AND IN A
LOVING MIND...."

-FIFTEEN
(FROM "RESOLUTION")



LITTER-A-CHUR REEVEWZ

SCAM #1

So much to read, and try, and do that I could go on for hours! So...I'll just tell ya what the front cover sez: "These stuffs inside: Karate, Gloo, Fred Savage, Fuckin' shit up, Ramen, Milo, Onions, Beer, Ben Weasel, Blood Banks, Scams to help you get FREE food, money, and beer, Comics, Puke, Breastfeeding, Dumpster diving, Spiels on work, var, pigs, pancakes, shoplifting, Dukakis, and more..." And yep! there's tons more, like the largest scene report anyone's ever written (as far as I know), an interview with Sam McPheeters of BORN AGAINST, excerpts from VANILLA ICE's autobiography (plagerism iz art!), reviews of just about everything, etc. Fifty-six HUGE pages, and it won't even cost you a nickel! The cover spouts, "FREE for punks," but hey! Be kool, send Iggy some really kool shit, cos he deserves it!! (SCAM/Iggy, 21 SE 4th Terrace, Dania, Fl. 33004) You won't be sorry, and you'll laugh for daze!!

LOOKOUT!

LOOKOUT! #36

This phenomenal piece of literature is the work of the illustrious Mr. Lawrence Livermore. I've gotta hand it to him, he's done an excellent job, as always, but this issue stands out above any issue of LOOKOUT! I've ever had the privilege to read. This time around, we get the final installment of Prof. Livermore's "Economics made simple," and let me tell you, it has made basic economic principles understood, in my mind, far better than any four-month college course ever could. There's a slew of other writings I could speak of, but instead, I'll just (strongly) suggest you check this out for yourself. An excellent read with a good look at life in the East Bay and beyond. Cheers to Larry for sending me a FREE copy. (It'll cost the rest of you turds a buck! See the LOOKOUT! address elsewhere in this zine.)

LOOKOUT! #37

As good as ish #36, if not better. Larry out-did himself this time, doubling the content (64 pages!). In Larry's own words, "Longtime and new readers alike might be bewildered at what appears to be a heavy streak of geographic and cultural schizophrenia running through its pages. Depending where you start reading, you might think the LOOKOUT is an environmental journal from rural California, a left-wing rabble-rousing broadside out of Berkeley, a scholarly dissertation on economics and history based in London, or a sardonic and frivolous critique of pop culture and punk counter-culture from all over and under the map. Yes, that's exactly what it is, among other things." As for the "among other things" part, it's an outlet of deep emotion, captivating, emotionally-charged short stories; and a source of knowledge that can be applied all over the globe (not just in the Emerald Triangle). Twice the size, twice the price (2 bux this time), and worth every penny. If you don't know LOOKOUT by now, you be missin' da shit!!

NO EXPLANATION REQUIRED #1

Rants and babble about Steve Har and his followers, the SACTO PUNK. (I'm a card-carrying member...\$095, if ya wanna know.) A bad joke gone too far? Maybe. But it surely is more fun than sitting back condemning bad attitudes in the scene, while spawning you own bad attitude. Chock full o' Steve, Hello Kitty, guns, and romance (well, not really). Write Steve, and send him a buck or two, so you too can be a SACTO PUNK, and learn from Steve's sagely wisdom. (SACTO PUNK, P.O. Box 161944, Sacto, Ca. 95816)



My review policy is simple. If I get it for free, I review it. (I may occasionally review something I paid for, but I doubt it.) Send me the fruits of your toil, and I will make or break you!

NO EXTERNAL COMPULSION #5

One of my favorite, quick-read, personal zines. Crito has this edge about him, which is uh...hard to pinpoint, but I find it inspiring. When it comes to discussing those personal insecurities, and the confusion so many of us (if not ALL of us) face, his honesty and ability to get to the heart of the matter is incredible, and he does it in such a way that motivates me to dig that much deeper into my own psyche. Rather than giving you a run-down of contents, why don't you just take it upon yourself to check N.E.C. out for yourself? (But for a small taste, check out the paragraph entitled, "Lying awake at 3 in the morning", elsewhere in this zine.) (Send about 3-29¢ stamps, a buck, or something really cool to: Criterion/N.E.C., 215 W. 26th St., Minneapolis, Mn. 55404)

GET LOOSE! #4

I didn't know what to expect from GET LOOSE. Iggy (Zine-geek extraordinaire of SCAM fame) sent me Chuck's phone number, don't ask me why, so since I was bored, and I had a good scam for free long distance phone calls, I dialed Chuckie's number, and the madness began. For the next hour +, we babbled about skinheads, gay bars, DURAN DURAN, enemas, photocopy scams, KISS, taxidermy, our local "scenes", boats, booze, cheap drugs, and lotsa weird shit. When our long call came to a (surprisingly) abrupt end, he told he'd send some LOSES my way. For lack of a better statement...this zine shreds balls! It's short, but sweeter than Robotusain, with lotsa humor and fun. I especially dig Iggy's "SCAM Copycenter Diary," based on his (grossly exaggerated) experience scamming copies. Oh, GET LOOSE's visit to Grey Taxidermy kicks too. There's some reviews of cheap, legal drugs, and scam ideas, and some other cool bits too. Hey! Is this TOMATA DU PLENTY guy for real? Sounds like a goof to me. Anyway, he fronted the SCREAMERS (I've never heard 'em) way back in those early L.A. Punkrock days, and there's a short interview with him here. Too fuckin' kool! Everyone should get it...but you can't have the address, so neener! (I promised Chuck I wouldn't print it. I guess he's paranoid, or hates mail or somethin'....)

COMETBUS #26

The punkest zine around, as far as I'm concerned. Aaron shatters the illusion that punk is just another genre of music and fashion, and delves into life, love, adventure, confusion, and such to bring the life back to a movement of people against the status-quo. Combining humor and concern, COMETBUS cannot be rivaled, nor imitated. This ish contains stories, poetry, scams, journal entries, and comics of a fun nature, that are never dull. The best damn zine in the world!! (One slim bone from LOOKOUT! Records...of course.)

COMETBUS #27

Incredible is the only word I can use to describe this ish. 108 pages of Aaron's typically atypical babbings, amongst scattered laughs by a few of his pals. Amongst the usual contents (which aren't so usual), this time Aaron's included seventeen (Yes! 17) chapters of his two diaries, over a six (or so) month period. Intense! And other high points include a lengthy scam-section, (those long-forgotten rocketars of the late 70's, early 80's) CHEAP TRICK fan-mail (direct from Rick Nielson's garage!), stories of Hobo artists, and cool writings by Kent and Anna Joy. This pup costs 2 fat-ones this time (post paid, of course), but the joy it'll bring your tired, sappy brain would cost far more than that. GODLIKE!!

ABSOLUTELY ZIPPO #15

Stories, graphics, comix, opinions, etc. compiled by Robert Eggplant and thrown hap-hazardly together, that's A. ZIPPO. I dig it. The high points of this issue are: an article on the power of non-violence by Jeff Ott (of FIFTEEN), a letter from "One of the P.P.", and Chrissie Appelcore's comix. A zine "made by the punx, for the punx, and about the punx of the East Bay and beyond." (One clam from LOOKOUT! 25¢ if you happen upon it at some record store in the Bay Area, or maybe just drop Eggplant a line at: 1550 Mann Dr., Pinole, Ca. 94564)



LYING awake DURING SLEEPING DURING 3 in the morning

I'm listening to a tape that a post lover made for me
... picking memories out of every time that floats through
my ears. I wonder what song will bring painful memories
tomorrow. It'll probably be a tune I'm listening to right
now. Right now the most painful is "Taste of Cissy" by
Jesse and the McQueen. Not really painful. Just a
memory-tune - a song that I listened to while waiting
to class before class was a dead end for me. The same
song, but now it's because the bad shit's over and I'm
able to reflect upon past mistakes and sexist behavior
and hopefully kick the knowledge into my present life.
Yeah, it's been a hard year and now all that's left is
the aftertaste of vulnerability on my tongue as I kiss
at least at the moment, makes me want to kill burninate.
talk to someone. Kick side mirrors off of parked cars.
and... well... just smile a big, happy smile! Rolling
over in bed in the middle of the night and feeling a
warm body next to you makes all the shit
on the sidewalk so much easier to step in, and each new
experience I experience, the better I feel, but the
more bitter I become because I know things could be better
if all the societal barriers were annihilated. If boys
could kiss boys anytime and girls could kiss girls, too.
If people couldn't act like pomp ass characters.
If people could buy intelligent porn without paying
exorbitant. If birth control was accessible to all. These
shitty areas are locked with your body. I know there is a
hope because as our teenage flesh is chased in each other's
mouths I realize that the past is behind me and the future
is all this. (And if ya don't have anyone to snuggle with
after a long night of kissing cops, you can masturbate
happily knowing I love ya. hey-bee!)

"hidden message to a former friend" by Bob
Hayhurst

in retaliation
for my previous criticism and disagreement
your words flay my soul
strip the skin right off my feelings
I feel that I'm being whipped
just for speaking my mind
well, fuck you
that's what I thought I could do.



FINALLY... THE LAST NEW REVIEWS

CHAINS & NAILS #8

A "Christian Punk" (sic) zine. This issue isn't as totally burnt
as preceding issues have been, but it's still just as corny. The
basic message of this ish is some sort of ambiguous message about suicide
and wearing crosses. I really like Kori (zine-geek) as a person... she's
really righteous (okay, bad pun, but I really did mean it!), but I really
can't say so much for her publication. Sorry. Hey! Don't take my word
for it, you may dig this kind of thing. (Send a buck, or postage, or
a long letter, or something cool to Kori, she's pretty cool about stuff..
C&N, P.O. Box 2232, Greeley, Co. 80632)

LARD GORE #4

Kool!! LARD GORE has a different approach than most zines of its
caliber. It kinda falls into the same category of Peace/Crust
punk zines, ya know sorta sloppy, really Puh-uh-unck, and filled with
anarchic rants. But Kerry puts her thoughts out in stories, and short
articles that get to the point. In this ish you'll find out about the
tobacco industry, the annihilation of elephants, how it feels to be a
Homo-Punk in a straight scene and world (It sux!!), why Disco is really
a revolutionary, how to make homebrew, and how a group of punk squats
the sheriff's house (well, it was abandoned, and he's dead...), Way
Kool, Jack!! (52¢ postage gets you a copy! LARD GORE, P.O. Box 8722,
Minneapolis, Mn. 55408...yep! That's also the address for PROFANE
EXISTENCE. How observant you are!)

HOLY BABBLE #1

Michael beat me at the task of getting his new zine out.
It was kind of an unspoken competition between Michael and myself
since we had such problems with our old joint-effort (FREE THOUGHT).
Okay, Mike had added incentive, he could turn in a copy for a
grade in one of his college courses, and he has unlimited usage
of his parents' Macintosh, but nope! No hostility here (Hi! Mike).
Anyway, this is an excellent first effort, though not PUNK enough
for me. Michael did some deep research and daydreaming for this,
and it shows. He's written an excellent piece on the complicity
of the media during the Gulf Massacre, that is a definite must-read.
He also gives us sample letters we can all use in obtaining any and
from an interview with a Denver cop, concerning police brutality,
"Nazi Motherhood" award for the issue, and a tongue-in-cheek
questionnaire for heterosexuals. Michael's daydream of what could
have happened in the recent riots in L.A., had MLK Jr. and the Black
Panther Party still been around, is not to be missed. This is a
great zine that will, hopefully, not suffer an untimely death or get
too caught up in political thought to lose humyn interest. (S.A.S.E.
to: HOLY BABBLE, 1085 14th St., Suite 1373, Boulder, Co. 80302)

← BLANK SPACE'S ARE SOUP!! →

I KNOW IT'S PRETTY CLICHE, AND YES IT SURE IS CHEESY,
NOT TO MENTION "UNPUNK"... BUT I'VE BEEN THINKIN'
AND I'VE COME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT...

LOVE IS...

- REALIZING THAT YOU HAVE YOUR OWN RULES AND THEY BELONG TO YOU AND YOU ALONE (SO NEVER SUBJECT ANOTHER TO THOSE RULES).
- BEING RESPONSIBLE FOR YOUR OWN EMOTIONS AND NOT PLACING BLAME ON OTHERS WHEN YOU ARE HURT.
- LISTENING TO ANOTHER AND COMPREHENDING THEIR WORDS, NOT WAITING SO THAT YOU CAN RETORT.
- PUTTING UP WITH ANOTHER'S PERSONAL TASTES, DESPITE THE FACT THAT IT MIGHT ANNOY YOU.
- LEAVING THE RHETORIC TO POLITICIANS AND RELIGIOUS NUTS AND TRULY COMMUNICATING WITH OTHERS.
- TRUSTING THE ONE YOU LOVE (ABOVE ALL OTHERS) WITH YOUR LIFE.
- SWALLOWING YOUR PRIDE AND SHOWING HUMILITY WHEN YOU'VE BEEN A SELF-RIGHTEOUS DOLT.
- WHEN YOU STOP WAITING FOR SOMETHING BAD TO HAPPEN AND LIVE AS IF EVERY MOMENT WERE THE LAST YOU WILL SPEND WITH YOUR MATE.
- ALLOWING SPACE FOR YOURSELF AND OTHERS TO BE ALONE OR AMONGST FRIENDS.
- HELPING ANOTHER OVERCOME THEIR INSECURITIES, SIMPLY BY BEING THERE.
- LETTING THE PAST DIE WHILE LIVING FOR NOW, WITH YOUR EYES SET ON THE FUTURE.
- REALIZING THAT NO ONE'S PERFECT AND FORGIVING MISTAKES THAT THEY MAKE (OR HAVE MADE).
- LETTING GO WHEN YOU WANT TO HOLD ON FOREVER, AND EVER, AND EVER.
- SACRIFICING THOSE THINGS YOU FIND FUN TO GO DO WHAT YOUR MATE FINDS FUN.
- GIVING UP ON THOSE USELESS THINGS THAT YOU THOUGHT WERE YOUR RESPONSIBILITIES (THAT REALLY WEREN'T) FOR THE SAKE OF THE ONE YOU LOVE.
- BEING HONEST, NO MATTER HOW PAINFUL IT IS FOR YOU OR THE OTHER PERSON.
- BEING AWARE OF OTHERS' WANTS AND NEEDS, AND GIVING ACCORDINGLY.
- EXPECTING NOTHING IN RETURN, WHEN GIVING OR DOING SOMETHING TO/ FOR ANOTHER. (REMEMBER, LOVE IS GIVING, NOT TAKING AWAY.)
- HAVING OLD MEMORIES AND YOUNG, VIBRANT HOPES.
- SEAN AND KELLY.
- PUTTING UP WITH YOUR MATE'S STUPID FRIENDS.

♥ Love is... (cont.)

- ADMITTING YOU'RE WRONG AND WORKING THROUGH A PROBLEM, RATHER THAN LETTING IT ESCALATE. AND "MAKING UP" LATER.

- NOT JOKING AROUND ABOUT THOSE "TOUGH" TOPICS, OR THROWING INSULTS AT ANOTHER'S "TENDER AREAS."

- SNUUGGLING WITH YOUR LOVER IN BED, EVEN THOUGH IT'S 3:55 AM, YOU'RE TIRED, IRRITATED, AND HAVE TO BE UP EARLY.

- ALWAYS LETTING THAT SPECIAL SOMEONE KNOW JUST HOW MUCH YOU APPRECIATE THEM.

- KICKING YOUR OWN ASS, AND NOT RELYING ON ANOTHER TO DO IT FOR YOU.

- NOT LOSING YOUR COOL AND LASHING OUT WHEN ANOTHER PERSON DOES SOMETHING THAT CAUSES YOU PAIN OR ANGER.

- WALKING ALMOST A MILE (ONE WAY), LATE AT NIGHT, WHEN YOU'RE DEAD TIRED, FOR THE SOLE REASON OF BUYING YOUR SIGNIFICANT OTHER SOME SMOKES AND A BOMB-POP.

- LOOKING PAST AREAS AND ISSUES OF DISAGREEMENT. (AFTER ALL, NO TWO PEOPLE ARE EXACTLY ALIKE, AND LOVE IS NOT SUBJECT TO SOCIAL STANDARDS OR POLITICAL PLATFORMS.)

- NO LONGER BEING "ON THE COUCH, AGAINST THE WORLD," BUT IN A NICE, COMFORTABLE CHAIR. (IT'S PERSONAL, DON'T TRY TO UNDERSTAND.....)

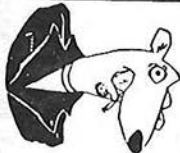
- CARING ABOUT YOURSELF ENOUGH TO DO THE RIGHT SO THAT YOUR BLUNDERS AREN'T CARRIED ON TO ANOTHER PERSON.

- CHANGING FOR THE FUTURE, BECAUSE YOU CAN'T CHANGE THE PAST, EVEN THOUGH IT HURTS TO REMEMBER.

- PUTTING OTHERS HAPPINESS AND WELL-BEING ABOVE YOUR OWN, EVEN IF IT BRINGS YOU LOSS.

LOVE IS BEAUTIFUL! BUT IT CAN ALSO BE PAINFUL. LEARNING HOW TO ADEQUATELY SHOW WHAT THERE IS IN YOUR SOUL IS VERY HARD TO DO. MISTAKES ARE INEVITABLE, BUT SO ARE TRIUMPHS. OF COURSE, THIS IS ONLY A PORTION OF THE THINGS LOVE IS, BUT I KINDA GOT FRAZZLED TRYING TO ARTICULATE MY THOUGHTS ON THE SUBJECT, JUST GOES TO SHOW... I GOT LOTS TO LEARN ABOUT LOVE!

BEN WEASEL



I HATE

Listen, you! Be the first punker on yer block to own one of these beauties! Printed on heavy weight shirts, of course. The best part is Mr. Weasel won't see a dime...

Send \$6.00 ppd (no checks or cheques for you limeys...try well concealed cash) to: STEVE & DAVE / PO Box 161944 / SACTO, CA 95816

NOW I TRY TO SORT OUT MY SCATTERED LIFE
LYING AWAKE ON THE FLOOR
STARING AT THE CEILING LIGHT
UNTIL I CAN SEE NO MORE.....



MAYBE I'LL FEEL DIFFERENT TOMMOROW
MAYBE I NEVER WILL
BUT TONIGHT I'M ALONE IN THIS WORLD
MY BRAIN IS BUSY, BUT MY SOUL'S UNFILLED

THINK OF ALL MY SO-CALLED FRIENDS
THINK OF WHAT THEY'VE DONE
MAYBE I COULD GO BLIND FASTER
STARING AT THE SUN....

MAYBE I'LL FEEL DIFFERENT TOMMOROW

LYING AWAKE WITH WATERING EYES
NOT QUITE SURE WHAT FOR
BUT WHEN I LEAVE THIS ROOM TOMMOROW
MY TEARS WILL BE LEFT LYING ON THE FLOOR...

TOMMOROW



RUMINATIONS...MUSINGS...AND SUCH....

Most of my time these daze, I spend outside, on the back porch, watching cars go by on the highway, or staring off at the trees in the cemetery, as the moon cuts a path across the night-time sky. I think back over the past five years. All the friends that have come and gone, all the good times, and the bad. It's really hard to say just exactly how I feel about all that's transpired in my life in such a short period. What's even stranger is how it seems as though it's been a aeon, when, in fact, 1987 is really only yesterday...so to speak. It's a year I will never forget, as it shaped my perception of life and love and the world in which I live like no other.

I was just a naive little freak, trying to prove, to myself, at least that I knew what I was doing. But as time has progressed, I've found that I'm still not sure what life is really all about. I hopped in and out of different circles of friends, not really ever finding my notch. And, much to my dismay, not really ever finding the Utopia I thought was right around the bend.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE...

LITING HERE IN THE DARK OF NIGHT I WONDER WHY LOVE IS SO UNATTAINABLE YET SO OBVIOUSLY PRESENT IN MY ABYSMAL WORLD I THINK OF LONG LOST FRIENDS OF QUIGLEY WHO IS FREE TO WANDER AND PARTAKE ONLY OF WHAT IS GIVEN HIM THE LIFE OF A STRAY KAT IS TOO LEY A WONDEROUS SPECTACLE THE SOUL OF A DRIFTER WHO HAD ALREADY SEEN HELL AND LEFT HEAVEN FOR THE PROUD HARDSHIP CREATES CHARACTER AND DEFINES WHAT IS PLEASED THAT WHICH IS PAIN I DONT THINK I WISH TO KNOW ONLY HAPPINESS COULD HAVE NO FRAME OF REFERENCE BY WHICH TO KNOW DRESS AND ANGER DRESS MY WORLD IT GIVES ME A VOICE TO SHOUT DOWN BASTARD IT GIVES ME STRENGTH TO HURL THAT BRICK THRU THE BANK WINDOW IT GIVES ME THE COURAGE TO STAND IN THE FACE OF OPPOSITION AND LAUGH MY ASS OFF IN AN AURA OF VICTORY IT MOTIVATES ME TO CHANGE GROW AND DEFEND MY MOTHER EARTH IT BRINGS A SMILE TO MY FACE AS I SHATTER A BOTTLE ON THE HOOD OF A COP CAR ANGER IS THE PRESENCE OF ALL EMOTION IN MY BEING RELEASED AT ONCE NO SOUL IS COMPLETE IF ANGER IS ABSENT THE WHIRLWIND IN AND OUT OF THAT IS THE HUMYAN SPIRIT IS NOT COMPLETELY BORN AND ANGER ESCAPES A GRASP PERHAPS LOVE HAS CHAINED MY LIFE TO HAVE FAILED TO BALANCE MYSELF AND THE DEEP LOVE I HOLD INSIDE MY MOUTH AND MY CIGARETTE AND THE DARKNESS WHICH LONGER I KNOW THE ANSWER LIES IN THE DARKNESS I KNOW I JUST HAVE TO GO ON WITH THE CREATION ITZ TIME I MADE A DRILL HOLE AND I KNOW WHAT I CAN COZ WE SHARE THE SAME CONSCIOUSNESS THOUGH WE TRACK OF EACH OTHER THE RAT RACE TO CALL LIFE

I found myself dabbling in just about everything that was commonly known as "counter-cultural," but none of it was really that appealing. I found the closest thing to my "Utopia" in a few really great people in Boulder, Colorado. From fall of 1987 to the summer of 1989, I'd venture to Boulder with the ever changing group of friends to hang out at a local dance club, or to go skate the "God-curb," or to see what seemed to be an endless slew of the funnest hardcore shows. The scene was relaxed, the bands were great, the locals were probably more entertaining than the shows.

I met Bob and Todd, of DISSENT there. It was at this show dubbed "The Best of Punk Rock," or something dumb like that; the line-up was pretty impressive though (POLITICAL ASYLUM, DISSENT, DEAD SILENCE, AFTERMATH, and some other band I don't remember). It was fun, but a little shit went down. Some Nazi jerk-off was flipping shit at this doo I was hanging with. We called him "G.I. Jeff," cos he was in the reserves, and stationed at Loury Air force base for ten weeks. So, when the weekend came, he was hanging in Boulder, going to the shows. He left the show waaaay early, so he didn't get into it with all the boneheads, and thus got busted hard by his commanding officers. After he left, a large group of us went ballistic on the Nazis, and Bob called them up on to the stage, during DISSENT's set, to allow them to express their views. It was really amusing, the most intelligent statements that came from their mouths were, "They're just mad at us cos we got different views than them..." and "You wanna go fuckin' pink-hair, faggot punk?!! I'll kill your pansy-ass!" Yeah... real intelligent!

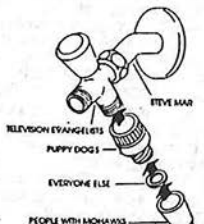
So, after a few of them got booted, and POLITICAL ASYLUM took the stage, the fun ensued with a load of us dancing like insane goons and generally havin' a light-hearted time. But the real fun happened after the show, in a nearby park.

The bands, and a bunch of locals all assembled in this little playground, and just hung out, drinking beer, talking, laughing, and acting pleasantly goofy on the merry-go-round. I got into a few weighty discussions with this guy, who's name slips my mind, and before I knew it just about every band member was in on it. It was Bob who shoved me what was missing, that night... direction.

Bob Baker, just by acting goofy, in a park, shoved me that a serious, dedicated person could let go and have fun, while still putting everything into bettering the world we live in. Unfortunately, it's taken up until 1992, and the loss of a lot of friends, a lover, and time for me to finally understand the example he set for me that night. And what's even more tragic, Bob was recently killed in a head-on collision with a drunk driver. I didn't even think about the lesson I'd learned that night, until a friend informed me of Bob's untimely death.

If I had paid attention to the gift of knowledge I received that night, maybe I wouldn't be sitting on my back porch, mulling over all the pitfalls, with a smoke in one hand and a forty-ouncer in the other. I'd probably be sharing that thought with the friends I pushed away. Instead, I put myself into a world of alienation. I can't say that I don't enjoy that world, but I really shouldn't have made it so exclusive.

CONCLUSION, NEXT PAGE...



THE NATURAL ORDER OF THINGS



WEIRDOS:

Feel smarter than those around you, but constantly stomped back? CUT LOOSE with the insane SeCarroll Foundation, cynoscurogon and a society for the bizarre

Unbelievable booklet, \$1 P.O. Box 140306 Dallas, Texas 75214

AAARGH!! TOO MUCH FUCKIN' BLANK SPACE!!

CRISIS

P.O. Box 5232
Huntington Beach, CA
92615-5232

Mail Order

- Crisis 1 **FARSIDE** Keep My Soul Awake 7" ep
Melodic get girl type stuff.
- Crisis 2 **ONION** 7" ep
Melodic noise.
- Crisis 3 **OUTFACE** Friendly Green 12", Cass & CD
Bad Brains, ever heard of 'em?



7" is: \$3.50 ppd each in USA

Canada, Mexico, South America add \$20

Europe add \$100 for one, \$150 for both

Japan, Australia, NZ add \$150 for one, \$250 for both

CD or Cass tape \$6.00 ppd in the USA

Canada and Mexico add \$20

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Japan, Australia, NZ and Pacific add \$200

Europe add \$150 for one, \$250 for both

Japan, Australia, NZ add \$150 for one, \$250 for both

Both: CDS \$10.00 ppd in USA

Canada, Mexico, South America add \$20 for one, \$20 for both

Europe add \$150 for one, \$250 for both

Japan, Australia, NZ add \$150 for one, \$250 for both

Europe add \$150 for one, \$250 for both

Japan, Australia, NZ add \$150 for one, \$250 for both

It's kind of ironic that I would include the lyrics to CRIMPSHIRE's "tomorrow" at the beginning of this little tirade. I mean, sure it holds a lot of my feelings of late within its lines, but I've got a different angle to look at it from.

Yeah, I think about my "so-called friends" and what they've done. But the question is, why had so many of them just taken flight from my presence? I gotta face it, it was my fault. I didn't allow myself to just let go. I was always so caught up in taking things seriously, that I failed to realize that serious doesn't equal stressed-out.

I'm also quite sure that many of the things that happened to cause the losses I'm now assessing were indeed not my fault. It seems that many people are out for one sole purpose... their own gain. I've met my fair share of them, and I sure you have too. Unfortunately, I counted them amongst my "friends." But now, the smoke has cleared, and I see pretty clearly. I can't change all the mistakes of the past, nor can I pretend that I didn't bring a lot of the shit on myself.

I have a new perspective of life, love, and friendship now. I really can't describe it in words, but suppose I meet up with you reader(s) sometime, and maybe I can explain it. I guess the time I've spent in solitude over these past few weeks have brought me a lot of insight. I've regained that lust for life, and all the negativity has just faded away with the smoke of my cigarette. It's funny how much you learn from yourself, if you just listen, and take yourself seriously.

Well, it's now 1:16am, and I'm bringing this little rant to a close. You see, I've made it a ritual of sorts. I gotta get out on that porch, with beer and cigarette in hand, and continue to get to know that close friend, who was always there... **-FINITO-**

GROW-UP YOU!

WHAT IS GROWING-UP? JOINING RANKS WITH A BUNCH OF ONE-DIMENSIONAL ADOLESCENTS TO GIVE THE ILLUSION OF MATURITY TO ONESELF? SETTLING FOR THE MENES WHEN ONE IS QUITE CAPABLE OF HAVING THE EXTREME GAINING FINANCIAL FREEDOM? AT THE LOSS OF ONE'S INDIVIDUALITY, HIDING HOPE AND DREAMS AWAY TO DEAL WITH A BODILY ILLUSORY REALITY? SUPPORTING ANOTHER, WHILE THEY SIT BACK AT HOME, HIDING THEIR HOPE AND DREAMS AWAY? BECOMING APATHETIC AND FINDING THAT COMPLICATEDLY COMFORTABLE VICE THAT SUITS THE DOOR TO REALITY? SELLING A REAL LIFE AWAY FOR THE COMFORT OF LUXURIES AND MATERIAL GAIN?

COUNT ME OUT!!!

SO OFTEN I HEAR THE WORDS "GROW UP," "SMUTTED," YET NO ONE CAN GIVE ME A SINGLE, VALID REASON AS TO WHY I SHOULD "GROW UP." FURTHERMORE, I'VE YET TO BE GIVEN SUBSTANTIAL PROOF THAT I AM NOT INDEED GROWING UP. SEE, WE'RE ALL GROWING, LEARNING, AND EXPERIENCING... AT DIFFERENT RATES. RESPONSIBILITY IS TIMELESS.

MATURITY IS RELATIVE. GROWING UP HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH ONE'S AGE, AND NOTHING TO DO WITH ONE'S DESIRES AND GOALS.

SO... TO THOSE WHO WILL TELL ME (OR ANYONE ELSE) TO "GROW UP," I CAN ONLY TELL THEM TO GET A CLUE AND REALIZE THEIR POINT IS NULL. BUT... REALIZING THAT SOME ARE JUST

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TOO BILL HOPED TO HEARD THAT DAY IN AND DAY OUT, THEY WILL CONTINUE TO TELL ME TO "GROW UP" (AND I'M SURE MOST OF YOU GUYS KNOW WHO PM ARE...), ALL I TRULY HAVE TO SAY IS:

FLICK YOU!!!

GROW UP YOURSELF AND LEAVE MY GROWTH TO ME!!!

(Dad's All BAYBEE!! @)

BEGINNERS

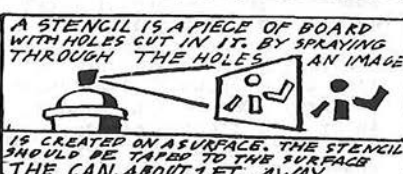
GRAFFITI-PROPAGANDA

A HOW-TO FOR THE FIRST OFFENDER



LIKE INSIDE PHONE BOOTHS OR ACROSS FROM A BUS STOP

REVOL-



U MORE BABBLINGZ



FROM YER HUMBLE



ZINE GEEK

Now that I've got the bulk of this poop shoveled, I think there are a few things that need to be said in closing. I've consulted a couple of friends, asking them for their unbiased opinion of the unfinished project, and well, as I expected, the general response was, "Damn! This sure is cheesy!" But hey! That's what I said from what? Page one? I also was told that it "reaks of 'gayness'." Well, I suppose it does...if 'gayness' entails shoving the world that I am humyn, and therefore vulnerable. And yes, I didn't say it in so many words, but a few bits and pieces of these printed words point to, well...alternative sexuality. At the risk of being branded, ridiculed, and shrugged off, let the record show that I am bisexual.

There's no way I can really articulate just how or why I am attracted to both men and wimmin to some of you; sometimes I can't even explain it to myself. The point is...there really is no point. Most of the people I call friends, I mean my REAL friends, oh, and a few friendly acquaintances, are as understanding as they could possibly be (seeing as most of them are heterosexual). Often times, a few of them get nervous about it, like when I speak of a particularly attractive guy, or when discussions of sex come up. Most people just don't understand that, just like the majority of heteros, gays and bi's have their own particular tastes and criteria that they look for in a potential mate. Contrary to popular belief, the majority of bisexuals DO NOT jump on anything that moves. In fact, aside from passionately kissing a guy, some five or so years ago, I have yet to experience any sort of intimacy with a male. Honestly, I've taken an unofficial "vow" of celibacy for an undetermined period of time. The reason being, I just don't have the desire for intimacy in my life right now. And, uh...I'd rather persue lasting friendship with others, at this point. Sure, I get a bit horny now and then, who doesn't?! That's why god gave me hands!! (Yeah, I'll admit it, I know how to stroke my schlong like an ace.)

I think I just basically went off on a huge tangent. So...where was I? Oh yeah, I rushed through this like a cop to the day-old bakery thrift store that's giving jelly donuts out by the case, and I guess it shows. I would've liked to spend a lot more time on it, but as I mentioned up front, I'm preparing to leave on tour (Jah willing!) very soon, if nothing fucks up (knock on formica!). I really can't say that this was any feat of epic wonder, but hey! I'm pretty pleased with all that I accomplished in such a short time.

I plan on giving these away for free, but as chance may have it, I may charge a few quarters for it, while I'm on the road. Yep, I gotta eat somehow, and the prospect of free tickets on Greyhound are as likely as a snowstorm in hades. So, if I run into you on the road, realize it's just cos I'm hungry and have to get home somehow. Oh! If you want me to send you one, send like a buck, or a bunch of stamps. I'll send any extra flyers, stickers, or other shit I may have lying around along with it, so you don't feel ripped.

As for THURTEEN #2...THE SECOND CUMMING!! Well, I'm not too sure what you'll find...hopefully a lengthy tour journal, maybe a couple interviews with really kool punk-types, and some enlightening bits of junk. I'm planning on slapping a healthy dose of wimmin's issues in this next issue, ya know...bits on wimmin's rights, sexism, gender roles, that kinda stuff, so get in touch guriz! I can only be so, uh,

articulate (?) with such subject matter as my experience will allow, and to be quite honest, I've got a lot to learn about sexism and how to combat it in my own life.

So...that's it for this issue! Get in touch kiddies, I wanna hear your thoughts. If all goes according to plans, I will be gone in a few daze for approximately a month, give or take a few daze. Then I will return to my home-hell-hole, to work my ass to the bone. I plan to be out of debt and out of state (for good) by mid-December. And, though I can't say for certain...I should have THURTEEN #2 out by, or around December 1st, 1992. Look for it!!

THE WORLD OWES ME
A LIVING; I ALREADY
KNOW IT ALL. Thank you very
much, and have a nice day

PEACE, LOVE, and ORAL SEX.

CHRISTIAN BEANSPOUT
(Couch-boy/zine geek extraordinaire)

BEANSPOUT'S TOP 10

- 10) Pilsner Club (beer, kiddies!)
- 09) VEX demo
- 08) Johnny Noxema (of BIMBOX)--he's sooo sexy!
- 07) 23 MORE MINUTES--just cos they rool!
- 06) BAD RELIGION-Generator Lp
- 05) N.E.C. #5
- 04) NEUROSIS--anthing these guys put out kicks!
- 03) CRIMPSHIRE/FIFTEEN--it's a tie!
- 02) My groovey CHICKENHEAD T-shirt (Thanx, Chuck!!)
- 01) COMETBUS #27

CONTRIBUTE!!
I'M SICK OF SEEING
ALL THIS BLANK
SPACE!! CUMON...
I'M NOT THAT FUCKIN'
CREATING!!

CREDITS

The THURTEEN logo was done by Holly G., "Fag Bashing '66" was given by Lawrence Livermore (it originally appeared in HOMOCORE #6), the drawing of the helluv stressed dood on the editorial page was doodled by an old roomie of mine, Tad Dietrich (he moved to Seattle and incidentally, he still owes me \$98 for all of his phone sex calls that I paid for). "Hidden Message to a Former Friend" was psychically removed from the brain of Bob "Pope Waffle" Hayhurst, "To Risk..." was transcribed from UNITY's (UNIFORM CHOICE) 1985 7'er. "You are One..." "Tomorrow" lyrics and graphics taken from CRIMPSHIRE's epic 7", "Sleep, what's that?!", "Lying awake at 3 in the morning" was taken from N.E.C. #5 (sorry Crito, I kept trying to get you on the phone to ask!!), and everything else was written, layed out, drawn, modified, or plagiarized by yerz trooley!!

THANK YOO HOOS

Holly G. (Need I say it?!!), Kelly H., Larry Livermore, Chuck Loose, Iggy, Sonny Ray, Pope Waffle, Little-Petey-Skafish-who-lived-down-the-lano (you're the best long-d pal a dood could want), Steve Nar (cos he's really swell!), the guys in 23 MORE MINUTES (for the t-shirt and the great conversation), Kerry (LARD GORE), Dave Onion, Pilsner Club (Cheap beer!!!), Kelp & Ortho Fungus (Colorado's coolest Homo-punk), Critterion, and all the other turds I forgot at this late hour (on an empty stomach!!)

MY DEEPEST APOLOGIES TO DEEZ GOONZ

23 MORE MINUTES (the interview was too personal and embarrassing to print...let's try it again!), HUNGER FARM (Need I explain why I didn't print it? By the way those tits-pictures never turned out...), John Wolf (too much has been said about the Gulf Massacre), and Adam of BORN AGAINST (I lost the int in my recent move; if it turns up, next ish... I promise!!) Hope youz ain't too pissed. I'm pond acum!!

LAST MINUTE CREDIT ADDITION

The GRAFFITI-PROPAGANDA comic-thang was written by Josh Whalen and drawn by Seth Tobocman, and was sent my way by Alex Progress (she's currently working on a zine called DICKLESS, which she describes as a zine for and by "crazy-eco-femi-anarchist-dykes with an attitude," which promises to be a ball-shredder! Hey you psycho-lezz!! Write me!!)

P.S.
IT LOOKS KINDA SKETCHY
WITH ALL THIS TOUR CRAP!
I MAY BE STUCK HERE, IN
HELL, FOR ALL I KNOW.
DAMN!!
ANYWAY, MY COPY DEAL IS
BURNT, SO LOOKS LIKE YOU
KIDZ GOTTA PART WITH 3
SHINY QUARTERS FER A
COPY. (A BUCK & TWO
25¢ STAMPS BY MAIL)
NEXT ISH WILL BE A
BIT MORE ORGANIZED,
PRICED BETTER, TONED
DOWN ON THE CHEESY
SHITZ... IN SHORT,
IT'LL SHRED BALL-Z!

CB

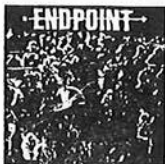
OH... AND THESE TURDS CAN FUCK RIGHT OFF:
COLORADO FAG FAMILY VALUES AND ALL THE
ONE-DIMENSIONAL NUTS-PUNK (THAT MY ASS!!) IN
GREELY. FUCK YOU!

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